

We Have Begun To Blur

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We Have Begun To Blur

by [CatatonicEmotions](#)

Summary

Being a good actor comes with a price, namely becoming your character.

OR:

Tacklepunk here on AO3 had a wonderful idea about what could happen if Hugh and Mads got too close to their characters.

Notes

This is my first multi-chapter fic, and I couldn't ask for a better prompt. So many thanks to Tacklepunk for looking over this and I hope you all enjoy!

Also note: This starts directly after filming for the season 2 finale

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Crossing Lines

"And cut!" Bryan yelled, "That's it guys! That's the finale!"

Hugh and Kacey gave a celebratory shout as they jumped up from the pool of stage blood and gave each other a hug.

"Oh my God, I can't believe we finally done it!" Kacey was practically sobbing.

"All the long hours and sleepless nights led to this," Hugh said as he pulled back from Kacey and gave her a smile, "Something we can all be proud of."

With all the shouting and laughing from the production team, Hugh and Kacey didn't notice Mads sneaking in through the stage entrance that served as the back door for Hannibal's house. As he got closer, Kacey noticed him first, but Mads gave his head a quick shake and motioned for her to be quiet.

Hugh noticed Kacey wasn't looking at him, "What is it?"

As Hugh turned to see what had caught her attention Mads picked Hugh up and spun him around, laughing at the relatively high pitched shout Hugh gave.

"You fucking Danish pastry! You scared me." Hugh said as he was placed back on the floor. He tried to sound pissed, but the smile that spread across his face gave him away.

"Sorry, Wee Man. But since I am a Danish pastry, you can eat me any time." Mads said with a smirk.

Kacey rolled her eyes at the poor excuse for flirting, "How about you save the cannibal puns for the Doctor. Besides, Bryan writes them better."

Mads laughed and reached out to give Kacey a hug, but a loud crash stopped him.

Laurence stumbled out of the wine room, the shard of plexiglass that was in his neck now in his hand, "Working seventy-two hours at a time on five hours of sleep is not a good idea"

Kacey gave a worried glance to Mads and Hugh as Laurence limped off the stage and towards his trailer.

"Don't worry, he's a tough old man." Hugh said as he gave Kacey one more hug and left to find Bryan.

Kacey turned to Mads, "Speaking of old men, how are you holding up?"

Mads scoffed, "You insinuate that I am not physically capable of sustaining myself, Ms. Rohl? How very rude."

Kacey knew he was trying to be funny but she couldn't bring herself to laugh, "I think spending so much time as Doctor Lecter is starting to affect your brain. I mean, now that the season is over, are you gonna be okay until we come back?"

Mads smiled, but it didn't quite reach his eyes, "Kacey, you know me. I'm always okay."

Kacey returned his smile with a half-hearted one of her own. She watched as Mads left to join Hugh, who was in the middle of celebrating with Bryan and she figured that was her cue to leave the set as well. Maybe Caroline had gone back to her trailer and she could hang out there for a while.

He wasn't okay. He hadn't been okay in a long time. Mads let out a sigh as he made his way to Hugh's trailer, walking slowly to try and gather his thoughts. He knew he loved Hugh, he had known it since they first met on the set of *King Arthur*. But he always assumed that his love for Hugh was only as a friend. He was even willing to say it was deeper than that, maybe the love for a brother. It wasn't until he started seeing Hugh every day on the set of *Hannibal* that he realized just how much he had missed the warmth that spread throughout his chest as he listened to the Englishman go on about something that happened to him at an airport, or how Hugh's face would light up as he talked about Cyrus.

The thought of Hugh's son sent another wave of disgust through him. Hugh had a son, a wife. Hell, he had children and a wife of his own. A wife he thought he loved more than anything. But whenever Hugh was around, he felt his heart gain a piece of something that he didn't know was missing.

He started to express his love for Hugh through Hannibal. He would talk to Bryan about Hannibal and Will's relationship, how to make it deeper, more romantic. Not sexual, per se, but a love that was honest. Or at least as honest as a character like Hannibal could be. Kacey was the first -and luckily for Mads- only cast member to notice how Mads would suggest scenes where Hannibal and Will were intimate. Whether it was through words or gestures, Kacey finally pieced it all together.

"You know, you are an amazing actor. Trying to meld yourself with Hannibal is dangerous. What if you get lost?" She had said.

Mads expected her to be angry, yell at him for falling for a man with a family while he had one of his own, but he was relieved when she shown nothing but understanding.

"I won't get lost, I just need to do this. I have a way of expressing myself without hurting anyone. It's better this way." He had told her.

Suddenly, Mads tripped and landed on his hands and knees on the first step of Hugh's trailer. He had been so distracted that he didn't see that he had reached his destination. Fast footsteps

echoed through the trailer and the door swung open as Mads righted himself.

"Jesus, old man! Be careful, you don't want to break a hip."

That wasn't Hugh's voice.

Mads looked at the man in front of him in shock. It looked like Hugh but it sounded like-

"Will?" Mads asked, a little breathless from his fall.

Hugh gave him a confused look, "What? Oh, right! Sometimes I keep Will's accent going. Easier to transition on set," Hugh had returned to his normal British lilt, "Well come on in. I want to celebrate!"

Mads followed Hugh inside. He would much rather go to his own trailer, get drunk, try not to think too much about how much he wanted to hold Hugh and never let him go. Try not to think about how much Hannibal wanted to hold Will and never let him go. But as Mads entered what passed as the living area of the trailer, he saw that Aaron and Scott were already there. And they had already started drinking beer.

"Hey, Mads! Join the party. Gillian is gonna be here soon!" Scott said, a slight slur to his words.

Mads looked at Hugh with a slight smile, "I didn't realize you were throwing a party."

Hugh returned the smile before switching his voice back to Will's, "I know it isn't wine, Doctor Lecter. But the Chesapeake Ripper owes me a date. "

Hugh then switch back to his normal voice, "You will stay, won't you?"

"Yeah, we can't celebrate the finale without the good doctor himself!" Aaron yelled.

"Of course," Mads said with a smile as he took the beer that Hugh offered him. But as Hugh passed the beer off to him, Mads noted how Hugh refused to keep eye contact. Mads tilted his head slightly, trying to catch Hugh's eyes again before Hugh walked towards the small table that Aaron and Scott took for themselves, leaving Mads to follow and talk to his co-stars or stay by himself.

Mads decided to sit on the sofa that was tucked away into a corner. Maybe Gillian would come in soon and he could focus on something other than how Will was making him feel light-headed without even drinking anything.

It wasn't until he was three beers down and engrossed in a conversation with Gillian about the possibilities of season three that he realized he meant Hugh.

Past Tense

Chapter Summary

A hungover Hugh thinks about his past with Mads

Chapter Notes

Many thanks to Tacklepunk for checking over this and to you guys for reading! :)

The cruising altitude of the airplane did nothing to help Hugh's hangover. He knew he shouldn't have drank so much the night before he headed back to New York, but he wanted to celebrate with his friends. And maybe get just inebriated enough to forget that one of his co-stars meant a little more to him than just a friend. Hugh's head gave a sympathetic throb as thoughts of Mads surfaced to the forefront of his mind.

It wasn't fair really, how after nearly a decade apart they could still work in perfect tandem. Mads just made it so easy. Hugh felt a small smile form on his face as he thought about the first day on the set of King Arthur, how quickly he and Mads struck up a camaraderie that stayed throughout filming. Whether it was cracking a joke, telling a story, or just sharing a drink after a hard day of fighting and horseback riding, Mads could just make everything around them seem laid back and simple.

It wasn't a sudden realization that he had fallen in love with Mads, more like he always knew there was more to his feelings but he refused to act on them. However, that didn't stop him from trying to convince himself that it was just admiration and nothing more. Mads was a brilliant actor, someone he could look up to and learn from in order to better himself. Mads was a nice guy, he had an open mind and a big heart and refused to behave like he was better than everyone. Hugh just knew he couldn't have had a better role model to help in the early days of his career.

However, all the denial and lies would always rear their ugly heads whenever he would see Mads getting friendly with one of the other men on set, forcing his heart to clench and his eyes to prickle with heat. Jealousy, the green eyed monster that it was, would always visit him whenever he overheard Mads talking to his wife and children, speaking soft words of love that he knew would never be meant for him.

Hugh was twenty-nine during the filming of King Arthur; still young enough to listen to the heart instead of the mind, and there were plenty of nights he would lay awake and think of the repercussions of he and Mads throwing caution to the wind and having an affair. Then the

following morning Mads would go on and on about something Viola did in school, beaming with fatherly pride, and Hugh knew he could never ruin Mads' life like that.

Hugh may have been a lot of things, but he wasn't a homewrecker.

As much as Hugh enjoyed working on King Arthur, he was happy when it was all over. He had moved on with his life; better gigs, a wife, a child. Everything was fine until Bryan gave him a call.

Hugh sighed and placed his forehead on the cool glass of the airplane window, vividly remembering the day he and Bryan met to talk about Hannibal. So many names passed between them about who could fill the role as Doctor Lecter, but He never expected Mads' name. He also didn't expect his mouth to betray his mind and say yes.

It was a long two weeks as he waited for the call to verify that Mads had in fact signed the contract, and when he did finally hear back from Bryan he was torn between extreme happiness and the sudden need to vomit from his frazzled nerves.

It was always nice to work with someone you were comfortable with. Hugh wouldn't have to learn anything new about someone he had never met; an actor couldn't ask for a better job. But he knew that seeing Mads would only bring back feelings that he thought he had replaced for Claire.

Hugh felt a wave of shame pass over him as he thought about his wife. He loved her, He really did. She was his friend, she had stuck with him through a lot over the years, and most importantly she was the mother of his only son. But whenever he saw Mads, everything just seemed to be a little better. He smiled more around Mads, colors looked a little brighter when Mads was in the room. Hugh would like to say that maybe it was just Mads' cheerful demeanor rubbing off on him; the Dane always did have a smile on his face. But Laurence had just as much fun on set as Mads, and Hugh never felt his heart melt a little bit more with Laurence each time he made a joke. Hugh was very aware that it was simply just Mads. It was just his stupid Danish pastry being his stupid and rather lovable self.

"He can't reduce you to a set of influences"

Hugh fought back the urge to growl. Will's voice seemed to become even more at home in his head after every day of filming, not to mention his mannerisms. Hugh couldn't remember the last time he looked someone in the eye for more than three seconds. But no matter how annoying Will's voice may have been, it was right.

Hugh thought back to the day they filmed the dinner scene for Naka-Choko. It was no secret to him that Mads and Bryan conspired to make it more emotionally charged than Bryan originally planned; he was good at taking ideas from his cast and making them work on screen. As scared as Hugh was about how easy it could be to get lost in the moment as Will and Hannibal, that never stopped Hugh from taking advantage of the situation. Will's guarded stance around Hannibal was something that Hugh could relate to with Mads, keeping him at arm's length was a vital part of Hugh's everyday life on the Hannibal set. Telling Hannibal that he couldn't influence Will to do something wrong was like a lifeline to Hugh, reminding him to stay in his own territory and not cross boundaries.

But just like Will with Hannibal, Hugh already knew that he had crossed a threshold with Mads that he couldn't retreat from.

After filming Naka-Choko, Hugh had called Kacey, asking her if she could come over to his hotel so they could talk. It was strange, how a twenty-three year old girl could be so much of a help to him in times of emotional crisis. but after one night after filming episode eight of season one, the entire cast decided to go out for drinks. After four beers and a couple of shots, Hugh poured his heart out to Kacey. He expected a scolding, but all he got was a sympathetic look and an eerie feeling she knew something that he didn't. Ever since then, she had been at the ready to listen and give him advice.

The night she came to his hotel he told her about the ending of Naka-Choko, and how lucky he felt to have a character like Will to deflect his feelings on to.

Kacey had sighed, "I wouldn't call it lucky. If you get too dependent on a fictional catalyst you won't remember what it's like to be you. Your thoughts and feelings shouldn't reflect off of someone as unstable as Will. One day you might wake up and find that you can't remember how to get back to yourself."

He didn't bother her with the fact that he already had mornings like that.

He knew she was right, but it was so much easier to play himself out through Will. He couldn't destroy Mads' marriage by acting through Will. No one had to get hurt. It was better this way.

Hugh felt as if his stomach suddenly dropped to his feet. He snapped out of his thoughts long enough to realize that the airplane was landing, he was finally back home with his wife and child.

As Hugh walked out of the terminal, he kindly fought his way through paparazzi to get to baggage claim. As he grabbed his suitcase he heard his name called out in a familiar voice; he turned to see Claire with Cyrus, bogged down by a swarm of paparazzi of her own. He ran to greet her giving her a hug and a kiss before he took hold of his baby boy and hugged him close.

With his son in his arms and his wife by his side, Hugh decided to not think about Hannibal Lecter. He had six months before he had to see him again, just enough time to set himself straight and build up a new wall around his heart before they resumed filming for season three.

It wasn't until Hugh had given Cyrus a bath and put him to bed for the night that he realized he meant Mads Mikkelsen.

Broken Barrier

Chapter Summary

It's the start of season three and between filming, scripts, and costumes Mads is having trouble with Hannibal.

Chapter Notes

I am so sorry that this chapter is being posted later than usual, but I had so much fun writing it and I just couldn't stop! Many thanks to Tacklepunk for looking over this, and thank you guys for continuing to read and give me feedback :)

Somewhere in the back of his mind Mads knew that he should have heeded Kacey's warning. There was nothing more dangerous for an actor than trying to live vicariously through his character, and Mads was now paying the price for gambling with his sanity on a character as manipulative as Hannibal.

In Mads' opinion the price was small, considering what he got in return. In exchange for Hannibal finding a host, Mads got to avoid breaking the hearts of his wife and children with infidelity, and to express his love for the only person who seemed to matter anymore.

Everything seemed fine at first, no one noticed his sudden interest in classical arias or how he traded out his normal Adidas for formal button down dress shirts and slacks. In fact things seemed as normal as ever, until Gillian asked him, "What's this?"

It was the end of the first day of filming season three and as usual Gillian would join Mads in his trailer to run lines, but her interest was invested in the textbook that Mads forgot on his coffee table in his morning rush to get to the set. "Research for my character. Hannibal is a doctor after all."

Even though it was Mads' mouth moving, he knew it was Hannibal speaking. Half-truths were the doctor's specialty.

"Elaine N. Marieb, Ninth Edition Essentials of Human Anatomy and Physiology? Come on, Mads! Are you an actor or a college student?" Gillian laughed as she tossed the book carelessly back onto the table. Mads felt the base of his skull throb as Hannibal fought to reprimand Gillian on her mistreatment of the book.

Luckily for both of them, Mads phone gave a shrill ring. Mads checked the number and felt something inside him flutter with happiness as Hugh's cell number lit up the screen. Gillian saw the number as well, "Answer it, it's been forever since I last spoke to him!"

Mads gladly answered the phone and turned on the speaker, "Nice to hear from you Wee Man! How are you?"

"I'm fantastic!" Hugh's voice filtered through the phone, making Mads acutely aware that there was an ocean between them. "I was just calling to let you know that we have finished filming over here, and that Kacey, Laurence and I will be leaving Canada for Florence in three days."

At the mention of their names, Kacey and Laurence yelled a half-intelligible greeting from the background. Hugh's laugh made Mads heart clench before it registered what he was saying, "So you'll be here soon then?"

"You sound like you miss me, Doctor." Will's voice snaked through the receiver, making Hannibal thrash violently against the proverbial barrier that kept Mads and Hannibal separated. Mads wasn't ready to give up all control of his mind, but cracks in the barrier were starting to form.

The phone was suddenly snatched from his hands, "Of course he's missed you! Hannibal would have preferred your company to mine. But, you know, he gutted you."

Even though Hannibal gave an indignant growl at having Will's voice taken away from him, Mads kept face and laughed along with Gillian and Hugh. There was a rustle in the background before Hugh's normal voice came through,

"Hey, I'm going to pass you around. Kacey and Laurence have something to tell you."

Kacey was first, "Hey Gillian! Hey old man, you two hanging in there?"

"Well we spent five hours alone on the dance number, so I'm already exhausted." Gillian replied

"She's being dramatic, my dear. It was four and a half hours, and considering it was her first time she did wonderfully." Mads quipped over Gillian's shoulder.

Gillian raised an eyebrow at Mads, "Tell me that again when you can't walk tomorrow."

A knock at the door caused Mads to get up and leave Gillian alone with the phone. As he walked away, he heard Kacey pass the phone off to Laurence. Mads opened the door to a very confused Bryan, "Hey Mads, do you know what time it is? It's three o'clock in the morning, why are you still up?"

"Sorry," Mads said as he stepped aside and let Bryan in, "Gillian and I were running lines until I got a call from Hugh. He has Kacey and Laurence with them, would you like to come say hello?"

"Sure," Bryan said with a smile.

As Bryan and Mads made their way back to Gillian, Hugh was the one on the phone. Mads tapped her shoulder and pointed at Bryan, "Let him speak to Hugh."

Gillian said goodbye to Hugh and passed the phone off to Bryan, who got a jovial hello from the trio on the other end of the line.

"I think I'm gonna turn in, it's really late." Gillian said as she stifled a yawn. Mads helped her gather her script, coat, and bag before letting her wave goodbye to Bryan and escorting her to the door.

"I'll see you in the morning." Mads said as he opened the door for her.

"Technically it is morning," Gillian joked as she leaned in to give Mads a hug, "I'll see you on set." She said as she walked down the stairs and to her trailer.

Mads shut the door and headed back to Bryan, who was now getting playfully fussed at by Kacey about killing off Abigail. At the mention of Abigail, Mads felt something inside him twist with sadness. Almost as if Hannibal had started crying and the weight of his tears settled in Mads' chest.

Bryan looked up to see Mads as he laughed along, "Kacey, Mads needs his phone back and we need to get to bed, but can you put Hugh back on for a second? I'll see you in three days."

Mads and Bryan listened to the rustle of the phone being passed for now a fourth time before Hugh's voice came through the receiver, "Hey Bryan, what is it?"

"Hugh, I want you to know that you need to look for me after you get off the plane. I'm going to be there to pick you guys up. Come prepared because we are getting straight to work once you're here."

"Okay," Hugh responded, "Oh, is Mads going to be with you?"

Bryan chuckled as Mads took the phone, "I'll be there Wee Man. But for now I need to get to bed before Bryan decides knock me unconscious."

Hugh gave one last laugh before he said, "Alright, Danish pastry. Goodnight."

Bryan and Mads said goodnight in unison before the line went dead. Bryan bid a goodnight to Mads as he left, leaving Mads alone to get ready for the night. It was funny to Mads that after the six months apart from Hugh that three days seemed impossibly long to wait until he could see his Wee Man again, but Hugh had always brought that out in him. The prospect of seeing Hugh had the same effect on Mads as a child waiting for Christmas. As Mads crawled into bed, he remembered that Hugh had asked Bryan if he would be there with Bryan to greet him at the airport. Mads knew that he was simply asking because he considered Mads a close friend, but a small part of him wondered if maybe there was more to it.

As Mads was falling asleep Hannibal's voice whispered, "*What if?*"

The airport was packed.

Not just of the people coming and going on business or vacation, but it was also packed full of Fannibals eager to take pictures and get autographs. Mads and Bryan were having a great time meeting with the Italian fan base until Gillian, who tagged along with them, called out their names and pointed at the monitor listing incoming flights. According to the monitor Hugh, Laurence, and Kacey's flight had just landed.

Mads, Bryan, and Gillian finished signing and posing for pictures before they walked over to the gate and waited for the passengers to shuffle out. A few moments later Bryan spotted Kacey, who had one of Hugh and Laurence's hand in each of hers, dragging them behind her. Bryan called out and the trio saw him, Kacey dropping her bags and running up to hug him. A breathless Laurence gave Gillian a small kiss on the cheek, while Hugh nearly tackled Mads to the ground in his rush to hug him.

"Long time no see," Hugh said, nearly drowned out by the busy airport.

Mads couldn't bring himself to respond, he was too content just hugging Hugh to ruin the moment by talking. Reluctantly Mads finally let Hugh go, Hannibal banging against the barrier in protest.

"Let's head out!" Bryan yelled over the noise, leading the pack out of the airport and to the black SUV waiting for them. Hugh, Laurence, and Kacey placed their bags in the back before climbing in with the rest of the group. True to his word, Bryan demanded that everyone pull out their scripts and start running lines so that they could be ready to start filming as soon as they got to the set and were finished with hair and make-up.

As they pulled up next to the set Mads, Hugh, Laurence, Gillian and Kacey were each taken to their respective dressing rooms. Bryan did a once over of lighting and set placement before a young man approached him. It took Bryan a second to pull away from the hustle and bustle on set to focus on the young man, "Yes, what is it?"

"We have a big problem," The young man- Austin- was one of Hugh's costume designers, "Mr. Dancy's waist measurement was off by three inches, his entire suit won't fit now. Not to mention the rest of his wardrobe."

By this time Gillian, Mads, and Laurence were done with hair and make-up. They made their way towards Bryan, waiting for his instructions. He gestured for them to wait a moment as he turned back to confront Austin, "Can you just put a hem in it until we are done filming today? You can retake his measurement and have a new one made later."

Austin rolled his eyes as he ran a hand through his sandy blonde hair, "I don't think you understand how bad this is."

As he went to get Hugh and bring him back to Bryan, Laurence spoke up, "What's with the attitude?"

Bryan sighed, "We're just having a wardrobe malfunction. Apparently Hugh's waist measurement was wrong."

"I don't get it," Mads interjected, "Hugh was measured with us right before we went on break. He couldn't have changed that much in six months."

"Take a look, Mr. Fuller." Austin's voice cut through the set.

Bryan turned back and what he saw made him cringe, "Hugh, what the hell happened to you?"

Hugh had his head down in shame as his boss and co-stars took in the sight of him, Will's normally well-fitted coat seemed to hang off of his frame and his jeans were only being kept up by the strength of the belt tight around his waist. "There was a lot going on over my break, what with Cyrus being sick and Claire working and all. I guess I lost some weight." Hugh said, giving a nervous grin.

"Kid you look sick," Laurence said as he got closer to Hugh, "None of your wardrobe in Canada was this bad!"

"Yeah well, I wasn't wearing much in Canada. It's easy to dress for the part when the only thing I had to wear was bandages!"

Mads gently pushed past Bryan to see Hugh, "Why didn't you tell anyone?"

"That really would have helped the costume department," Austin scoffed.

Mads chose to ignore him, "Surely you would have noticed losing that much weight."

"Well, none of you noticed!" Hugh said defensively.

"That's because you love to wear ill-fitting clothes all the time." Gillian snapped.

That spawned a huge screaming match that took Bryan and Mads both five minutes to stop. "That is enough!" Bryan shouted, "We have very little time to waste, and I need you to act like adults. Austin, take Hugh back and just put a hem in this outfit and th-"

"Mr. Fuller, it isn't just this suit that won't fit. It's his entire wardrobe!" Austin interrupted

"Just for today's filming, put a hem in the outfit he is wearing! I will fix the rest of it." Bryan snapped.

"Thanks to your incompetence, I get to spend another two weeks recreating every article of clothing you wear." Austin complained as he dragged an apologizing Hugh back to his dressing room.

As Bryan ordered everyone to their positions, Mads felt something inside him snap. How dare that little brat be so rude. Not only to a member of the cast, but to the executive producer as well. While Mads fumed about the obnoxiously rude stagehand, Hannibal gave one last hit to the weakened barrier; breaking it down to dust.

Mads felt as if his head had been split open, and for a brief second he fought the urge to cry out in pain before the feeling disappeared. In its place came the sudden need to pay the costume department a visit after filming.

It was nearly two in the morning by the time filming was done. Thanks to the wardrobe problem, Bryan lost half a day worth of filming time. Nevertheless the show must go on, with that in mind Bryan trudged down towards the costume department. He looked around for Austin, but couldn't see the young man anywhere. Eventually Bryan spotted the head of the department and called her over.

"Make sure Austin gets this. There is a number on the back he can call if he needs any extra help refitting Hugh's wardrobe." He said, handing her a slip of paper with Hugh's new measurement on it.

Neither of them noticed Austin being pulled out of the office, knocked unconscious by his assailant.

It was a little after four in the morning by the time Hugh ate, showered, and got ready to climb into bed. So it was more than a little surprising when his phone started to ring. He saw that it was Mads' number and eagerly picked up, "Hello?"

"Hello Hugh, I would have just came to your trailer but it was so late I decided a phone call might be the most convenient thing to do. I was hoping I could request your presence for dinner tomorrow night, I have one of Hannibal's recipes involving beef tongue that I would like to try."

Hugh laughed, "As long as the tongue comes from a cow, sure. I'll consider this payback for all the times I cooked for you."

"I hope you don't mind if I consider this a date. The Chesapeake Ripper still owes you one."

"Very forward of you, Doctor." Hugh teased in Will's voice before switching back to his own, "I'll come over after filming tomorrow, alright? Goodnight."

"I'm looking forward to it. Goodnight, Will." Mads hung up his phone as he finished storing the tongue that would be the centerpiece of his meal. He recalled Hugh's request that the tongue come from a cow. He couldn't stop the smile as he thought, "*A very rude cow.*"

Iron Conventionality

Chapter Summary

The Norman chapel in Palermo, a conversation, and dinner.

Chapter Notes

Okay, I know that Bryan Fuller didn't actually get permission to film in the Norman chapel but for the sake of this fic I ask that we all pretend that he did. :) Thank you guys so much for your continued support of this story, and as always thanks to Tacklepunk for looking it over and making sure it is good to read. <3

As with most things since he started working on Hannibal, Kacey was the first to notice something was wrong. Perhaps it was because she was the cast member he got to spend the most time with. Whatever the reason, she knew from the moment he walked into the Norman Chapel for the fifth day of filming that something was going on.

"Hugh, please don't take this the wrong way, but you look horrible."

"Really? The first half of my wardrobe may have been quickly thrown together and overnighed to Italy, but I thought it looks much better." He knew she meant the dark circles under his eyes and the slight hunch in his back, but even the humorist, Hugh tried to steer her away from that.

Of course, she'd never let him get off the hook that easy. "Very funny," She admonished, "We will talk about that later, right now I want to know why you look as if you're the walking dead."

"Hey, I'll take that as a compliment. The Walking Dead is a great show, even if Hollywood has overdone the zombie theme. Nevertheless, it has a-" His second attempt at changing the subject was quickly foiled by a light punch to the arm and a glare from Kacey.

Hugh gave a defeated sigh, "I just haven't been sleeping well."

"Why? Is there something on your mind keeping you awake?"

"No, I can get to sleep with no problem. It's just..."

"Just what?"

Hugh hesitated, torn between telling her the truth and not wanting to worry her. He chose not to worry her, "I'm worried about Cyrus."

Kacey's glare turned into a sad smile, "Hugh, he just had Strep Throat. Most people will get it once during their childhood. Besides, you caught it early."

"I know, but Cyrus has never really been sick. Maybe a few sniffles during Winter, but that's it. To a first-time parent, Strep Throat seems like the end of the world." Hugh felt a twinge of guilt for the lie, but it wasn't exactly a lie. More of a half-truth.

Of course Hugh worried about his son, he always worried when he wasn't right next to Cyrus. But his son's illness was an easier explanation than Will's blood coated dreams that were nightly visitors for the past six months. Just the thought of the depraved nightmares sent a dull throb throughout the base of Hugh's skull, as if Will Graham were pushing against it just to see how much pressure it would take to break him.

Before Kacey could respond, Bryan entered the chapel giving stage directions for lighting and props before he spotted Hugh and Kacey, "Good morning you two! Do you need a minute to rehearse before we get started?"

Both actors declined the offer, stating that they have been practicing this scene for about a week now and were ready to start filming.

"Alright then, places everyone!" Bryan called out, taking his seat behind camera one as Hugh and Kacey took their place on the steps leading to the chapel's altar.

"Action!"

"What if no one died? What if... What if we all left together? Like we were supposed to. After he served the lamb, where would we have gone?" Will asked, grief and regret obvious on his face.

"In some other world?" Abigail's voice was barely a whisper.

"In some other world. Could we have been happy?" Somewhere in the back of his mind Hugh was screaming, reminding Will that what he said wasn't the right line. But it was Will in control for now, and he couldn't let this moment with Abigail slip away.

A confused look passed over Abigail's face, breaking the illusion that she was Will's surrogate daughter and replacing it with the face of Kacey, the young woman that had quickly become a dear friend to Hugh.

Seeing Kacey was enough for Hugh to take over his own mind again, but before he could fix his mistake she answered, "I know that Hannibal would have done anything in his power to

make us a family, and if given the chance you would have helped him."

For a moment, Hugh's control slipped and he knew that it was no longer him in the room. Will had gained the upper hand and he was going to take advantage of it, "And would you have been happy with us?"

Abigail smiled softly, "Yes."

Will's smile was the first real one in a long time, it was wide and reached his eyes. However it was short lived when a familiar voice from above said,

"We are her fathers now."

Abigail and Will looked up beside them and saw Hannibal, his face cut into the pattern of the iron grate that separated him from where they sat on the chapel's ground floor. Will's heart hammered in his chest as he looked up at the man who had taken everything from him and simultaneously tried to give him the world.

"Cut," A sharp voice rang out through the quiet chapel, shaking Hugh and bringing him back to himself.

"Everyone take a short break. Kacey and Hugh, I would like to speak with you. Mads, you too. Come down here please." Bryan asked as he headed to the entrance of the chapel.

Once all four of them were together Bryan turned to Mads first, "Let's say for the sake of argument that I left that scene in, how would Hannibal know that Will was speaking to Abigail's ghost?"

"This is Hannibal's memory palace. Wouldn't he know who was in it, ghost or not? Besides Will spoke of leaving with Hannibal, and there is only one other person who would leave with them." Mads quickly glanced at Hugh and Kacey and gave them a small smile before he returned his gaze to Bryan.

Bryan couldn't help the smile that formed on his face, Mads always was a fast thinker.

"Fair enough," Bryan said as he turned to face Kacey and Hugh, "And what about you two? Why would Will need to ask Abigail if she would be happy with Hannibal and Will when she obviously wanted to leave with them?"

Hugh didn't have an answer. Luckily Will did, "I knew I wasn't really talking to Abigail, it was more of a moment of truth for me. I wanted to be with Hannibal and Abigail just as much as they wanted to be with me. Abigail's happiness was closure for me that she didn't die with hatred toward Hannibal and I, and it was a confession from me about my desire to have a family with them."

Kacey smiled, "That was really sweet, Hugh."

"Sweet, yes, but I can't use it. If it was any other episode I would, but this is a pivotal scene in an even more important episode and I really need you all to stick with the script."

The actors all agreed to not deviate from what was written and turned around to head back to their positions; Bryan put a hand on Hugh's shoulder to stop him, surprised when the Englishman flinched before turning around, "I just need to speak with you about one more thing before you go back inside."

Hugh watched Kacey and Mads step back into the chapel before turning to Bryan, "What is it you need to speak with me about?"

"You have some of your wardrobe back already, right?" Bryan asked.

"Yes, it arrived this morning."

"The head of the costume department here got back to me an hour after I dropped off your measurement, she told me she couldn't find Austin anywhere. The costume department in Canada had enough material to make your wardrobe again, so I told them to just go ahead and overnight it as they finish. Until we can find Austin, we will be giving you a replacement designer to check over all your costumes."

Hugh felt a slight frown come across his face, "Alright. But, where could he have gone? Is he even allowed to just walk away without warning?"

"He's new to the game, and it doesn't help that he is young and ambitious. He's most likely sulking about his first mistake in his hotel room. I've never had a problem with him before, so as long as he is willing to come back I will consider this a warning. If he runs off again, he'll be fired. Now, go back inside and get ready. We still have a lot to do today." Bryan said as he placed a hand at the small of Hugh's back to usher him inside, noting again how the touch made Hugh flinch.

It was eight o'clock in the evening when Bryan let everyone retire for the day. It was the earliest they had ever gotten off in the three years of working and Kacey wasn't sure what to do with all the free time. She decided walking with Hugh to his trailer could kill some of it.

"That really was a sweet gesture." Kacey said, kicking up loose pebbles with the toe of her boot as she walked.

"Pardon?"

"You know, about Will's confession. And how he wanted a family."

"Oh, right. Well, it just came to me. I have to say, you're quick on your feet. I didn't expect you to respond so well to the line. What made you think that Abigail would know Hannibal and Will would work so hard to stay a family?"

"It's not that hard to see," Kacey laughed, "The fannibals have been calling us the murder family since season one. In all honesty, I just said what I thought was appropriate. Hannibal lost his sister, Abigail lost her parents, and Will never really had a family. It's easy to understand why they would want to make one of their own."

"Not exactly the most conventional family, but they love each other anyway." Hugh said, a soft smile playing around his lips.

"Nothing about Hannibal is conventional, that's why he loves someone like Will. He isn't conventional either. Is that why you and Mads love each other?"

Hugh stopped walking, "What do you mean?"

Kacey didn't notice he stopped and continued walking by herself, kicking a pebble mindlessly along the way, "Well Mads isn't exactly conventional, that's why everyone likes him. He's unique, and so are you. They say opposites attract, but so do similarities."

Hugh walked briskly to catch up with her, "I'd be lying if I said I didn't find his quirks to be charming. They're what make him.. him."

"So it's true then. You both love each other because the other isn't conventional."

"Kacey, his love for me is much less nefarious than mine for him."

"Nefarious? You make it sound like it's a crime to love someone."

"Isn't it a crime to love someone who belongs to another?"

They had both reached the steps to Hugh's trailer and Kacey turned to look at him, "Maybe it is in the Bible, lucky for you Mads isn't very religious. People fall out of love all the time because people can change, they can grow. The only crime is hiding behind masks and lying to yourself."

"*She's right you know.*" Will's voice whispered as he rattled the proverbial bars that kept him caged in the deepest regions of Hugh's mind.

"I'm doing everything I can to make sure no one gets hurt, Kacey."

"And yet you're hurting." It came out sharper than she intended it to and she reached out a hand to comfort Hugh. Without thinking Hugh stepped back, avoiding her touch.

"Method acting is dangerous, Hugh. I'm asking you to try and talk this out before you break something other than your own heart."

With that, Kacey bid Hugh a good night and headed to her trailer.

One hour and forty-three minutes later Hugh had traded in Will's now-fitted coat and jeans for a crisp white button down dress shirt with black slacks and a pair of dark leather dress shoes. Hugh began to feel like himself again as he finished combing his hair, until he looked in the mirror and his reflection seemed to smirk.

"*Liar.*" Will's voice seemed full of mirth.

Hugh ignored him as best he could, a task that seemed to get harder as the seconds ticked by. Nevertheless, he wanted to have a good evening with his best friend. He would do all that he could to keep Will Graham locked up. Hugh grabbed the bottle of wine that came with the gift basket the cast got every time the reunited for another season, he wouldn't drink the whole bottle himself and this seemed like a perfect occasion to enjoy it.

He turned off the lights in his trailer before heading out into the cool night air. He made his way across the lot to Mads' trailer and climbed the three steps to knock on the door. His heart seemed to beat a little harder as he heard the muffled footsteps in the trailer get closer to the door. He mentally chastised himself for acting like a teenage girl on her first date, and then his mind went blank when Mads opened the door.

The man in front of him wasn't Mads. Mads wore Adidas and tennis shoes. The man in front of him wore a red and grey waistcoat over a collared white button down shirt with a matching pair of red and grey trousers. His tie was white with a red floral pattern and Italian leather shoes tied the whole look together. No, the man in front of him wasn't Mads. It was-

"Hannibal?" Hugh couldn't stop his voice from sliding into Will's accent.

Seeing the doctor in front of him made Will rattle the rusting bars of his cage, desperate to get out and claim what was so close to being his.

"Good evening, please come in." As he moved to allow Will entrance, the doctor seemed to preen under Will's gaze that hadn't left him since he opened the door.

Hugh stepped inside shaking his head to clear his mind, before he turned to Mads with a smile and spoke in his normal voice, "I see why you wanted that suit so badly, it looks very nice on you."

Hannibal closed the door, a little disappointed That his companion's voice went back to the normal British lilt. However, Hannibal expected that of him. Much like Will, Hugh had a penchant for fighting his feelings with iron-clad resolve that was far too big for someone so small.

He could see why Mads loved him.

But Hannibal had confidence that Will would eventually wear Hugh down.

To keep face, Hannibal turned to Hugh with I smile, "Thank you. Although I must admit I was afraid I would have to return it. I was very happy when the costume department called

and said I could keep it as a gift."

"I tried to keep one of the dogs, however that was a prop they needed back. Oh, I brought something. It isn't much, but I wanted to be polite." Hugh handed over the wine.

Hannibal laughed, "I had plans to use the bottle I was given as well, it's already breathing."

"Keep it anyway, we can use it the next time." Hugh said, a light blush coloring his cheeks as he realized how presumptuous he sounded.

Hannibal found it endearing, "How about we head to the kitchen? Dinner is almost done, perhaps you could help me with the finishing touches?"

By the time Hugh and Hannibal made it to the small kitchenette, the thinly sliced tongue was beginning to brown and Hannibal turned the heat down on the stove as he added in the sliced tomatoes and corn kernels.

"Might I ask what we are having?"

"Lengua," Hannibal answered, feeling more at home as he explained the dish even if his work area was lacking, "Directly translated from Spanish as tongue, this particular recipe is considered a classic way to prepare the tongue as it is sauteed in green Chile peppers and onion before adding corn and tomatoes."

"It smells delicious."

"Thank you. I hope you enjoy the taste just as much. Would you mind passing me the plates?"

As Hugh passed the plates off to Hannibal he was rendered breathless by the doctor's radiant smile, "Perhaps next time we can cook together?"

"I would love to," Hugh said, his blush returning at the pleased hum the doctor gave.

"Considering all the edible parts of a body, the tongue sounds the most unappetizing at first." Hugh said before he took the last bite on his plate and chewed, enjoying the way the meat had a bit of heat added from the peppers.

"At first, it would. The tongue being the one area mostly covered with bacteria. That's why when cooking it, chefs are advised to remove the epidermis and leave nothing but the muscle to be consumed." Hannibal took a moment to watch the sight of Hugh actually enjoying the tongue. Hannibal smiled fondly as he recalled the body of the rude costume designer waiting to be found.

"It's ironic now, that tongue can be eaten without thought. Considering how the amputation of the tongue was once seen as an appropriate punishment to lying." Hugh said as he raised his wine glass, taking a moment to appreciate the smell before taking a sip. Hugh noticed Hannibal's pleased look and he set the glass down, looking at it in embarrassment.

"Removal of the tongue was also to reprimand vulgarity. Not exactly a conventional practice, but it had the desired effect," Hannibal stated as he took a sip of his own wine.

"Conventionality seems to be a popular topic today." Hugh laughed as he thought back to his conversation with Kacey.

"How so?"

Hugh seemed to come back to himself, "Kacey and I were discussing Hannibal and Will's relationship and how it isn't exactly conventional."

"It isn't supposed to be. But it also falls in line with what Will and Hannibal think are conventional, not just the audience." Hannibal moved to collect his plate and glass, prompting Hugh to do the same.

"Will's ideas about conventional relationships are nonexistent. He has never wanted a relationship." Hugh followed Hannibal to the sink, carefully placing his dishes in with Hannibal's.

"And Hannibal's idea of a conventional relationship is that it is overrated. He's never felt a love like that until he got to know Will." Hannibal said as he turned to try and catch Hugh's gaze, the smaller man turning away, but not before Hannibal placed his hand on Hugh's chin and turned his head back around.

"Hannibal's love scars while Will's would only leave him empty. I never wanted your life, Hannibal. I only wanted to do what was right." Hugh noticed he didn't pull away from Hannibal's hand.

"Would it make any difference if I told you I didn't want to hurt you?" Hannibal asked as his eyes traveled to Hugh's abdomen, knowing that if he lifted the shirt he would find nothing but smooth skin. The fantasy would be over and Mads would come to his senses, crushed with guilt over his wife and children. Hannibal briefly toyed with the idea about changing that, the knife he used to slice the tongue not even an inch away.

Before he could act Will's voice reached his ears, "Your love has caused me nothing but pain, in this life, and our other. Why change it now?" It only took a second for Hannibal to realize that the voice wasn't in his head, but in his Kitchen. The young man before him had spoken.

Hannibal smiled, "Hello Will."

"Hello Doctor Lecter." Will whispered as the bars of his cage bent and twisted into a pair of iron antlers and he was pulled into a kiss.

Intimate Parallels

Chapter Summary

Will and Hannibal get intimate.

Chapter Notes

Okay guys, I know this chapter is a little shorter than my last two have been, but we will be returning to long chapters next Sunday! This was supposed to be in the last chapter, however this is supposed to be a slow burn fic so I thought I would just pop this in as it's own chapter to help usher in the next plot-heavy installment.

As always, a big thank you to Tacklepunk for checking over everything and to you guys for reading and giving me feedback. :)

The kiss was unexpected but not unwelcome. Hannibal had thought about kissing Will many times, he just never imagined their first would be in a small kitchenette of celebrity's trailer. But as Will's tongue softly traced his bottom lip asking for entrance all thought left him and he opened his mouth, playfully sliding his tongue against Will's as his hand slid into the styled curls that were much shorter now. Hannibal quickly realized how much he missed the unruly mane and made a mental note to tell Will not to cut it again.

The need for oxygen forced Hannibal to tear his mouth away from Will, gasping for breath that in this moment was a hindrance. Will only gave him a moment to breathe before tangling his hand in the hair at Hannibal's nape and tugging him forward for another kiss and his hips thrust forward on their own accord to grind his erection against Hannibal, a pleased moan slipping past his lips as he felt Hannibal's cock was just as hard as his.

Hannibal suddenly pulled away causing Will to groan in protest before he felt himself being lifted, a surprised gasp left him as he was set on Hannibal's small counter. Hannibal ran his hands up Will's thighs before parting them gently and stepping between them, pleased when Will instinctively wrapped them around his hips to hold him in place.

Hannibal trailed soft kisses along Will's neck before whispering, "I must confess, I did not plan for this particular activity when I invited you over."

Will whimpered as Hannibal's mouth ghosted over his earlobe to bite it gently, "You don't plan for anything. You just like to see where the pieces fall and break."

As Will leaned forward to place matching kisses and bites along Hannibal's neck, Hannibal slid one hand back into Will's hair to tangle his fingers in the short curls and tugged, forcing Will to pull away and look at him, "Or see where they come back together. This is our second chance, Will. The teacup has come back together."

The blue sapphires that were Will's eyes seemed to lose some of their lustful fire, "The teacup has to be broken before it comes together again. You haven't broken it yet. In this universe Abigail is alive. I ask you to keep her that way."

Somewhere in the back of both of their minds Hugh and Mads knew they were talking about Kacey. The sudden fear for her life left a metallic sting in the back of both of their throats.

"I once apologized for not being able to keep her safe in our world, that perhaps I could watch over her in another life," Hannibal brushed a stray curl from Will's eyes that were now filled with unshed tears, "Our universes are no longer parallel, they have crossed, a phenomenon that may never happen again. She may be gone in our world, but in this life I promise you her safety. I always keep my promises, Will."

Will's resolve finally broke, tears burning a path down his face. Hannibal kissed each one away. After the worst of his crying passed, Will was left with the elated feeling that Abigail would be safe at least in this world. That didn't change the fact that Hannibal was a murderer, it didn't change the fact that Will always wanted to do the right thing. But it made it easier to just accept the worst of Hannibal, just so he could continue enjoying the best.

Besides, even monsters need love.

Will lifted his head to place a soft kiss on Hannibal's cheek, causing the older man to turn his head and feel for the others lips. It didn't have the same intensity as their earlier kisses, but the gentle slide of tongues and light press of lips spread just as much heat and love throughout their tattered hearts. Will wrapped his arms around Hannibal and his legs tightening around Hannibal's waist to pull him closer, wanting to leave no part of his body untouched by the doctor.

Hannibal broke their kiss in favor of trailing down Will's neck again, leaving feather-light kisses as his hand traveled to Will's clothed erection. Hannibal broke skin as he bit down on Will's neck and stroked his aching cock through his clothes.

Will gave a strangled scream and arched his back, wanting more of whatever Hannibal would offer.

He didn't know when he would get Hannibal to himself again and his panic at the unknown spurred him on to slide his hands down and press against Hannibal's own straining dick, causing the doctor to growl and leave another stinging bite as he thrust into Will's hand.

Hannibal reluctantly remove Will's hand long enough to take a step back and begin to unbuckle his belt and open the fly of his trousers. Will quickly opened his own slacks and pulled his throbbing cock out of the constricting clothes. As he spread his legs wider Will bit his lip and kept his eyes on Hannibal as he started to stroke himself, precum leaking from the head and down along the shaft to ease the friction. Hannibal growled at the display and

stepped forward, crowding Will with his presence as he removed Will's hand to continue stroking Will with his own.

Will let out a breathless sigh, closing his eyes and enjoying the doctor's rough hand on his sensitive prick. Will felt Hannibal grind into his thigh, the doctor's erection hot even through his clothes. Will couldn't stop his hand from sliding down Hannibal's chest and into his trousers, the silk of Hannibal's boxers tickling his fingertips before he reached inside to stroke Hannibal's engorged cock.

Hannibal's control slipped at the first touch of Will's hand to his most sensitive area, letting out a moan as he attacked Will's mouth.

Will moaned as Hannibal alternated between biting his lower lip and sucking his tongue, too far gone in the act of receiving and giving pleasure to care about the sting of Hannibal's teeth pressed into his kiss swollen lips. Will's breathing elevated and his moans became louder in volume and higher in pitch, "Hann- Hannibal.. I'm close!"

Hannibal whispered breathlessly, "Come for me Will..."

Each man quickened his stroke on the others cock, chasing their climax with an erratic rhythm that showed just how desperate they were to drag the other over the edge. Will knew he would come first, already feeling his balls tighten and the hot coil of pleasure in his stomach start to compress.

And then a knock at the door.

Both men froze, their breath ragged and still painfully close to release.

Another knock and then a voice, "Mads! Hey Mads, can I come in?"

At the sound of the third knock Hannibal growled in frustration and fought back the urge to just ignore Bryan and take Will to his bed and finish what they started, but Will was already pulling away with a blush high on his cheeks as he whispered, "We have to answer."

"I'm aware." Hannibal said with clenched teeth, not trusting his control. He felt like it could snap at any second. Oh, what Will did to him.

Another knock, "Mads if you're in there please answer. I've made some changes to the script and I need you to practice before filming."

Hannibal quickly tucked himself away, fixed his trousers, and smoothed down his mussed hair on his way to the door, leaving Will to fix himself in the kitchenette.

As Will hopped down from the counter he felt a sharp pain on the juncture of his neck and shoulder. He lifted his fingers to check the sore spot and he felt the indentation of teeth. He pulled his hand away and noticed his fingertips covered in his own blood. Will quickly grabbed a paper towel from the roll sitting on the other side of the counter and dabbed at the area. Will noticed then that all of the buttons on his shirt had been undone. Hannibal must

have unbuttoned them when Will was too preoccupied with Hannibal kissing him to notice. Oh, what Hannibal did to him.

Will quickly buttoned up his shirt, hoping that Hannibal's mark was hidden, and headed to the door. Bryan had just entered, prattling on about script changes, when Will entered the room.

"Hey," Bryan said with a happily surprised laugh, "I didn't know Mads had company."

"Hugh and I had plans for dinner. We had just finished and you caught us in the middle of washing dishes." Hannibal said, easily keeping up appearances.

"Well I'm glad you're both here," Bryan said as he took a seat on the small grey couch in the living area of the trailer, "Makes my job easier for now."

Hannibal took the other seat on the couch beside Bryan while Will grabbed a chair from the small dining table and sat across from the two on the couch, "So what is it you changed in the script?" Will asked, letting Hugh's normal British lilt slide back into his voice.

"I didn't change much, just a couple of lines." Bryan took out two sheets of paper and handed one to Hannibal and one to Will, "It's the scene in the woods where Hannibal and Will meet in their memory palace, before Will goes to Hannibal's childhood home. Some of the lines in the original script seemed a little.. dry to me. I wanted something a little more fluid."

Hannibal gave a once over to the sheet of paper, pretending to read whatever was on it, "Well, thank you for dropping this off. Since Hugh is here, I'm sure he won't mind running lines with me before he retires for the night." Hannibal looked to Will with a small smile, but his eyes told Will they wouldn't give the papers a second glance once Bryan left.

Will swallowed thickly before returning the smile, "Of course. It's a good thing Bryan let us off early tonight." Will shifted his eyes from Hannibal to Bryan, "We'll get started right away. So, I guess we will see you on set tomorrow?"

Hannibal and Will both rose from their seats to escort Bryan to the door, but Bryan laughed. "Actually, I was hoping I could sit in and listen to you guys run the lines. I want to make sure this scene encompasses what I had in mind, that way I don't have to go back and rewrite it a third time and bother you guys again."

Hannibal and Will slowly took their seats again. Will noting the slight clench in Hannibal's jaw.

Bryan gave the two men about three minutes to go over each line and figure out the tone of voice they wanted for each word before he asked, "You guys ready?"

Will gave Bryan a tight smile, "Ready."

Hannibal nodded his head in agreement before looking towards Will, highly aware of the presence of the other man keeping him away from his Will.

It was going to be a long night.

Glasgow Gore

Chapter Summary

Bryan, Laurence, Kacey, and Hugh discuss the murder of a co-worker

Chapter Notes

Okay guys, I would like to clarify that I am not a citizen of Italy, so what I know of the Carabinieri is what I could gather off of Google. From what I could gather the Carabinieri is sort of like the United States Federal Bureau of Investigation (FBI), but they have military standing even though they take part in any serious crimes and that is why I mention them in this particular chapter. If I am wrong please let me know so I can edit this accordingly. :)

As always: Thanks to Tacklepunk for looking over this, and thank you guys for reading and giving feedback <3

It had been a week since the tryst in Hannibal's kitchen, and between being bogged down with work on the set and trying to get enough sleep in two hours for a full days work Will found himself incapable of being alone with Hannibal. They still had much to discuss, things they had to set right. No matter how much Will had enjoyed their intimacy in the kitchen, passion needed to move aside for a moment and let logic prevail.

Will had a second chance to run away with Hannibal, and he wasn't letting go now, but how were they to move forward from here? How were he and Hannibal going to disappear when the hosts they have chosen had wives, children; people who would miss them if they were to suddenly leave without preamble? Not to mention the fame their hosts had accumulated over the three years working on *Hannibal*. It was hard to disappear when thousands of people knew who you were.

It was obvious Hannibal wanted to be with him, and not just in the physical sense. According to Hannibal he had broken the laws of physics just to find a new way to be with him, their universe colliding with another where the very real pain, heartbreak, and betrayal in their relationship made for an interesting television show.

Will had broken those laws too, literally crossing space and time to find Hannibal. But the pain and betrayal were still there, just because their souls had found a new home didn't mean their past was irrelevant.

Hannibal had framed him for murder, he tried to have Hannibal killed, Hannibal gutted him and took their daughter's life. All these thoughts seemed to rattle and roll around Will's head as he nursed a cup of coffee at what passed as the dining table in the small kitchenette of his trailer, but they came to a screeching halt when his cell phone started to ring.

It was Bryan. Will sighed before clenching his jaw and answering phone, "Hello Bryan, did you need something?" The British lilt he let seep into his voice was thick.

"Hey man, I need you to come over to my hotel. Bring Kacey and Laurence too, please?" Bryan's voice was terse.

"Alright. Let me change out of my pajamas and throw on some clothes and we'll meet you there."

The line went dead without a response. Will gave a confused look to his phone before sending out a quick group message to Kacey and Laurence asking them to get ready to meet Bryan at his hotel. As Will pulled on a pair of jeans, a faded blue t-shirt, and his tennis shoes he felt an ice cold prickle run through himself.

Will had been with Hugh for as long as he had been working on Hannibal and he never heard Bryan speak in anything other than soft, reasonable tones. Hearing Bryan's voice cut sharp with harshness was off putting to say the least.

Will shrugged it off for now. Besides, If Bryan wanted to talk to Kacey, Laurence, and him then there was a good chance Hannibal would be there too. Perhaps he could pull Hannibal aside and they could talk in private without interruptions.

Will locked the door to his trailer and headed to the center of the lot where Kacey and Laurence were already waiting for him. Kacey smiled and waved as he made his way over, "G'morning Hugh! Why does Bryan need to see us?"

"He didn't say, but he sounded pretty angry on the phone." Will answered, the British lilt feeling so foreign coming from his mouth.

"Oh Jesus, I hope it isn't another wardrobe problem," Laurence said while fighting to stifle a yawn, "You just got all of yours fixed, Hugh."

"I don't think he would call us all to his hotel room for a wardrobe malfunction," Kacey interjected as they started to walk off the lot and onto the street heading to Bryan's hotel, "Maybe something went wrong in production and we lost some footage."

"I hope not," Laurence said with a gruff laugh, "I don't think I could throw Mads around the Capponi museum again, I'm too old for that."

Will laughed along with Kacey, but the urge to suddenly stab Laurence was ever present.

"I'm pretty sure the curators don't want you throwing him around in there either." Kacey said trying to hide her grin.

"No doubt," Laurence replied with a wide grin of his own. "On a different note, not that I want you gone so soon Kacey, but why are you still here? Weren't you supposed to leave after filming in the chapel?"

"I was, but Bryan wanted me to stay for interviews and fan meet-ups. Even if he didn't want me to stay, I most likely would have. I saw the plans Bryan had for this season and I wanted to watch you guys bring it together."

"Well I'm glad you stayed," Will spoke up, "That means I still have someone to pick on." Will said with a smile.

Kacey and Laurence both laughed, but Will was only focused on Kacey. It was such an elated feeling to see her face bright and alive.

"She may be gone in our world, but in this life I promise you her safety."

Hannibal's promise echoed through his head. At first, Will thought Hannibal promised her safety in the heat of the moment. But Will later admitted to himself that Hannibal never does anything in the heat of the moment. Even with the world falling down around him, Hannibal could keep his composure and mean every word he says. Will felt a hot sting in the back of his eyes and a welling of fresh tears. He cast his eyes to the ground and cleared his throat, trying his best to keep his tears from spilling over.

Hannibal and Will had finally made a place for Abigail in their lives. They finally had a family.

But so did their hosts Will -regretfully- remembered.

He knew that he and Hannibal could never take Kacey in as theirs. Not only was she just a catalyst for a projection of Abigail for them, but she cared about Hugh too much to indulge in anything she considered a wayward fantasy brought on by method acting. If only she knew the reality of his situation. If only she knew that he was actually here, maybe their family could really be complete.

"And would you have been happy with us?"

"Yes."

The ghost of his and Abigail's conversation slid across his mind, allowing him to find comfort in the fact that he, Hannibal and Abigail could be happy together.

Will was vaguely aware of someone calling his name. No, not his name, but..

"Hugh!" Laurence's deep voice and a sharp clap on the back from his large hand ripped Will away from his thoughts, "We need to know Bryan's room number."

Will brought his eyes up from the ground to focus in front of him, noting that they were less than ten feet away from the Hotel. "Right," Will said clearing his throat, "Three sixteen. Since he is expecting us, I guess we can just go on up."

Kacey spared Will a worried glance as Laurence held the door of the Hotel opened for them to enter.

Bryan was shuffling through piles of paper when Kacey opened the door, "Hey Bryan! What's up?"

"Come in and lock the door," Bryan snapped as he ran a hand through his unkempt hair.

Kacey scurried in, quickly followed by Laurence and Will. After they were all in Kacey took a quick look around the room, noticing that Gillian and Mads weren't there, "Are you sure you want me to lock it? We seem to be missing two cast members."

"Mads is busy getting ready to film in the art gallery and Gillian is in make-up right now. I have Don Mancini on the way over to the set to fill them in. Lock the door and all of you need to take a seat."

Confused looks passed between the trio as Kacey locked the door and the three of them took a seat on the lush white couch tucked away in the corner of the room.

"Bryan, what's going on?" Laurence asked tentatively.

Bryan sighed before pulling a chair in front of Kacey, Laurence, and Will, "A week ago a body was found in one of the alleyways a couple of blocks away from Ponte Santa Trinita."

"We were filming there the day after Hugh, Kacey, and I arrived. That's where Mads was supposed to walk after the fight in the Capponi museum." Laurence said quietly.

"I know. That's why I was notified today. Apparently an hour after we were done filming the body was discovered by two teenagers who were taking a shortcut home. That, and because the body was identified as Austin Iden."

The look Bryan gave Will made the ice cold prickle return, this time it racked his whole body, "My costume designer?"

The silence that fell over the room was heavy enough to be tangible.

Bryan hesitated before picking up a manila folder that was laying at his feet, "This is my copy of the report." Bryan moved a packet of official documents out of the way and pulled out a photo. "This should look familiar."

The picture made Laurence and Kacey look away in disgust, but Will couldn't look away no matter how much he wanted to.

Austin had various lacerations over his naked body, but the centerpiece of the grotesque display was the Glasgow Smile that stretched in a clean cut from the corners of his mouth to his ears, leaving his mouth unnaturally wide open. What looked like a copy of the Wound Man illustration was stuck to his chest with his own blood, acting as a sick key to show each laceration was meticulously placed to replicate the Wound Man.

As Will looked closer he fought hard to stop the rise of bile in the back of his throat as he realized Austin's tongue was missing.

"What... What do the police think happened to him?" Will asked as he finally tore his eyes away from the photo.

"Because of where this happened, the missing tongue, the Wound Man pattern and Glasgow smile, their first impression is that this is a Fannibal gone rogue." Bryan said as he put the photo away and rubbed his temples.

"That episode hasn't even been released yet. How would Fannibals know what alleyway would be deserted enough to hide a dead body?" Kacey questioned, bouncing her leg up and down nervously.

"Everywhere we have filmed here so far has had a roped off area where passers-by could stop and watch, including the alleyway." Laurence said as he got up and paced the length of Bryan's hotel room.

"When did they say was the time of death?" Will asked.

"Three o'clock in the morning of December fourteenth. You all arrived December thirteenth and we worked from nine in the morning of the thirteenth right up until two o'clock the morning of the fourteenth." Bryan said as he scanned the official report, making sure he had the right date and time of death.

"And he was on set with me until we stopped filming for the day. He was putting a hem in all of my costumes." Will said.

Bryan gave a worried glance at Hugh, "They asked if Austin was having any problems at work with other employees. I told them about your wardrobe malfunction."

Kacey stood up and glared down at Bryan, "Hugh didn't do this! He was with me at three o'clock, I was helping him run lines while we were eating dinner."

"I didn't say it was Hugh, but the police asked if Austin was having problems and I told them the truth. Hell, for all I know it could have been someone else in the costume department who was mad at Austin." Bryan responded.

Laurence picked up the report from where Bryan had thrown it down, "It says he was knocked unconscious and that abrasions on his ankles had pieces of dirt and gravel, as if he was dragged away. He was alive at two o'clock when we got off and dead by three; one hour is a short window of time to kidnap somebody, take them to that particular alleyway and then do... this to them."

"Almost professional." Will said as he stood up and rubbed his hand across his face.

"I don't think a fan could do this, Bryan." Laurence said as he handed the report back to Bryan.

"Well a rogue fan is their only lead. Hugh checks out because the cameras in the lot shows him and Kacey heading into his trailer." Bryan replied as he took the report and placed it back in the manila envelope.

"What about the cameras in the costume department?" Kacey asked. "

There aren't any. The only cameras are in the lot where your trailers are and the security cameras around the set. The costume department, the production office. and the dressing rooms are all blind spots." Bryan answered.

Silence blanketed the room again as Will tried to gather his thoughts and calm his nerves.

After a moment of silence Bryan spoke again, "the local police here have contacted the Carabinieri about the crime and they have asked us to finish filming any landscape shots we may need. They want us to leave before we give whoever is doing this any more inspiration."

"What about the rest of the season that needs to be shot here?" Laurence asked.

"We'll make as many props as we can in Canada and the United States and add CGI if we have to." Bryan said as he stood and unlocked his hotel door, "I have a staff member who is dead, a show half finished, and now I am expecting a call from NBC's headquarters. I'll come down to the set later to check on everything, until then Don is in charge."

Kacey and Laurence said a solemn goodbye to Bryan, but Will stayed silent as they left.

Once Kacey, Hugh and Laurence got back to the set Laurence left Kacey and Hugh to themselves as he was ushered to his dressing room.

Kacey took a deep breath, "Are you going to be okay?"

"I will survive." Will said, the British lilt tasting more bitter every time he used it.

Cult of Personality

Chapter Summary

Kacey and Will discuss love and acceptance while taking a stroll through the Uffizi art gallery.

Chapter Notes

Hey guys, I know this chapter is late and I do apologize, but a family emergency took me out of town and by the time I got back on Sunday, I only had half of this chapter written. Also, because I was away for so long, this chapter is shorter than most, but starting Sunday night we will be back to longer chapters.

As always: Thanks to Tacklepunk for reviewing and a huge thank you to everyone who has read/left kudos/left comments on this work. Your feedback is very much appreciated <3

Kacey followed Will through the entrance of the Uffizi Gallery, unaware of the tension suddenly stiffening Will's shoulders. The gallery was quiet with all the visitors having been cleared out for what may have to be the last day of filming in Florence, only the slight murmur of voices from the production crew letting Will and Kacey know that there were people around. Will and Kacey meandered through the hallways of the gallery, trying to quickly take in the sight of the magnificent works of art around them.

"I can see why Hannibal would be drawn to a place like this," Kacey said with a smile, "All the rich history and artistic talent must make him feel right at home."

"He finds comfort in the tragic beauty of renaissance art, it helps to give him structure for his own gallery in his memory palace." Will said breathlessly. It was such an overwhelming sense of intimidation to be in Hannibal's territory.

"And yet in a room full of art he'd still stare at Will?"

Will stopped walking for a moment to consider his answer, "Am I not his work of art? Just the version of me that he chiseled out of stone?"

"I thought he couldn't reduce you to a set of influences?"

"I'm not something of influence, I am something of hope. He saw potential in me and he made something of it. Something he could love and something he hoped loved him back."

Kacey looked at Will with a mix of pity and dread, causing the same eerie feeling that she knew something he didn't to seep into Will's bones like the night Hugh confessed his love for Mads. It was just as unpleasant now as it was then.

"He has always loved you. The one person who could peek behind the veil of his human suit to see the monster beneath. He wanted someone to share his life with, who better to be that person than an empath who could crawl inside his head and understand what was hidden in dark corners?" Kacey asked as she began walking again.

"And accept him. A man like Hannibal had everything he could want; money, extravagant suits, a luxurious house. Doesn't it seem a little odd that Hannibal could be so infatuated with the idea of acceptance from another person?"

Kacey shrugged her shoulders, "Even monsters need love."

"Love and acceptance are two different things."

"I guess you're right. Love is an emotional connection with someone because you like one or a couple of traits they have. I guess acceptance is more akin to being *in love* with someone. Accepting the worst in our partners because we are *in love* with them as a *whole*. We take the good with the bad, because without the bad our beloved wouldn't be the same."

"Is Hannibal... in love with me?"

It was Kacey who stopped walking this time to turn to Will with a slight smirk on her face, "If that mark on your neck is any indication, I'd say Mads has already proved how... strongly he cares for you, whether you are both family men or not. However that is a really good line, and you should talk to Bryan about fitting it into the script. It wouldn't be a proper season of Hannibal without causing homoerotic tension between Hannibal and Will."

Will's pondering on just how deep his and Hannibal's relationship actually went came to an abrupt and screeching halt at the mention of the indentation of Hannibal's teeth that still adorned his neck even a week after their tryst. As he quickly adjusted his collar to hide his mark, Will tried to remember if he had been speaking in the normal British lilt that Kacey had come to know as Hugh's voice. It was hard to remember who to be around Kacey, whose gentle demeanor reminded him so much of Abigail; it was even harder when he was swept away by his own thoughts, too busy trying to understand his and Hannibal's feelings to remember that Hugh and Mads had a life outside of the small part of their universe that he and Hannibal had carved out for themselves.

Kacey's giggles at his attempt to hide the love bite were slowly drowned out as they rounded the corner to the corridor that housed Botticelli's *Primavera*, the production team setting up lights and doing last minute checks of all the camera's causing a great deal of noise in the corridor. Kacey and Will saw Hannibal sitting in his place in front of the *Primavera* with a make-up artist putting on the finishing touches to the various cuts and bruises along his face.

As they approached the bench Kacey reached out to give him a hug, "Hey Mads. Did Don tell you what happened to Austin?"

"Yes, the poor young man who worked on set. Gillian and I were notified this morning." Hannibal said as he slid across the bench so Kacey and Will could have a seat.

Will felt the tension creep back into his shoulders, "The police think it was a Fannibal."

"Cult of personality may be taboo, however it can have dire consequences." Hannibal said as he toyed with the cuff of his jacket.

"Charles Manson led a cult of personality, I highly doubt that Bryan's intentions were to get a staff member killed by a fan when he started writing his scripts." Will shot back.

"Not every cult of personality has one leader. Or a human leader at all. Look at the Christian faith, it's sole leader is a book written thousands of years ago by men who claimed to know the inner most thoughts of God himself. Rather bold, in my opinion. And yet it has hundreds of thousands of believers around the world that read the Bible and base their lives around it." Hannibal looked back at Will with mirth in his eyes. He had always enjoyed the 'conversations' he had with Will, especially when God became a subject. For a brief moment, it felt like old times between them.

Then Kacey spoke up, "Cult of personality is a proxy to serial killers who don't want to get their hands dirty. This had nothing to do with religion, or even someone taking their love for the show too far. We saw the report and this was calculated, practiced. At the very least, this could have been a budding serial killer who just got struck with inspiration from something that happened on screen. Like artist who are inspired by nature." She said pointing to the *Primavera*.

Before Will or Hannibal could speak, Don Mancini entered the corridor, "Okay everyone, we've gotta wrap this scene up quick. So if you aren't in it, I need you out of here." He gave a knowing glance to Kacey, a small smile playing about his lips.

Kacey jumped up and gave a Don a hug, "Can I at least stay and watch if I promise to stay behind the cameras and keep quiet?"

Don laughed, "Sure thing Kay," He gave her a quick hug in return before he moved to Hannibal and Will, "Alright Hugh, I need you to get to costume and make-up, they already have your scar prosthetics are ready for application. Once they are done you are going to stand near the corridor entrance until I signal you to walk in. And Mads, the props department forgot to give you this." Don handed the black sketchbook over to Hannibal before heading back to give a final inspection of all the cameras.

As Will moved to follow his new costume designer to get prepared for filming Hannibal laid his hand on Will's arm and leaned into him, Will felt Hannibal's lips lightly brush the shell of his ear as he whispered, "Charles Manson also used religious passion to trick his followers into believing he was Jesus. I don't want you to think of me as a savior, Will. I want you to see me for what I am."

"Charles Manson also believed he was a harbinger of doom, a vessel of justice," Will whispered back, "Your vessel is an innocent man. It's rather rude to toy with his life and risk losing it, *Doctor*."

Hannibal raised an eyebrow as his eyes roamed Will's face, as if trying to solve a complex equation.

Don's voice cut sharply through the corridor, "Guys, we really need to get this done! Whatever you two need to talk about will be there later, for now I need Hugh to get into costume please!"

Will and Hannibal both let out an exasperated sigh.

Hannibal let go of Will's arm and let him start to leave with his costume designer, but before he got too far away Hannibal said, "We have much to discuss, Will. Perhaps I may pay you a visit tonight, say around eleven o'clock?"

Will's curt nod was all the confirmation he needed.

Surprise Guest

Chapter Summary

Will and Hannibal reach a breaking point in their feelings of betrayal and loneliness.

Chapter Notes

Ookay guys, my work schedule for this week has been a little out of whack, so this is another chapter a day late. If everything settles down the last two chapters will be posted on time :D

However, I had a lot of fun writing this weeks chapter and I hope that the plot makes up for my tardiness.

As always: A big thank you to Tacklepunk for reviewing my work, and a big thank you to everyone who reads, leaves comments, and leaves kudos. Your feedback is appreciated <3

As Hannibal walked closer to his destination he realized the door to Will's trailer was open. Knowing that Will was expecting his company prompted him to walk in, a soft knock on the open door the only indication of his presence. As Will looked up from a small piece of paper he was looking at and nodded his head to acknowledge his visitor, Hannibal noticed the half-packed suitcase lying open on the small mattress of Will's bed. The further Hannibal walked into the trailer, he noticed it wasn't a piece of paper in Will's hand that he was looking at. It was a photograph.

Hannibal didn't know the woman in the photo, but the young child resting on her lap looked too much like Will for Hannibal to have any doubts about who they were. "Am I correct in assuming that it is Mister Dancy I am speaking to?"

"No, It's me." Will's drawl was a small comfort to Hannibal. "Looking at the photo seems to give some comfort to Hugh."

"A safe place for him when your thoughts are too loud?"

A small laugh without mirth escaped Will, "More like a reminder of what he has so he doesn't go after what he wants."

“He is very much like you in that regard. Always wanting to do the right thing, and never getting his hands dirty. May I inquire as to why you are packing?”

“You play, you pay. He’s simply choosing his battles wisely,” Will spared a glance at Hannibal, “Unlike some. And I’m packing because Bryan thinks we will only be here for a day or two longer. The Carabinieri has asked us to leave as soon as possible.”

“Ah yes, they believe the young man from the costume department was murdered by a fan. They want us to leave before we inspire anyone else.”

“Tell me Hannibal, why kill a member of the crew? You know the first people the police are going to investigate are the people he worked with. Are you really that hellbent on ruining Mads’ life?”

“You claim morality for the deceased when your biggest concern is what could happen to the killer. That is rather touching, Will. What do I have to do to get the same amount of compassion from you?”

Will let out a growl of frustration before reaching behind him and haphazardly grabbing a shirt he had placed aside to be folded and packed away and flung it at Hannibal. Even though Will knew it didn’t hurt Hannibal in the slightest, he was still satisfied with the feeling of throwing something at Hannibal and actually hitting him.

“You think I *don’t* have compassion for you? You may have gutted me in your kitchen, but it was because I *let* you. I *wanted* you to get away, even at the cost of Abigail’s life. I didn’t put up a fight *because* of my compassion for you. I warned you that Jack and Alana were coming for you and *you were supposed to leave!*” Will had worked himself up, and even though he suddenly felt dizzy, the thought of sitting down grated his nerves even more. Will started to pace around the small trailer as if he were a lion stuck in a too small cage.

Hannibal calmly picked up Will’s shirt from where it had fallen on the floor and, fighting the urge to smell it, placed it back on the bed. “I will tell you now like I told you then, we couldn’t leave without you.”

Will scoffed, “As if I wouldn’t have followed you. You know I would have come looking for you.”

“And what of your betrayal then? Was I supposed to just leave with that between us? I had plans for us, Will. All of us. And every time you ran to Jack and let him know. All three of us could have left that night, but you decided to just see what happened if you played both teams.”

Will turned to face Hannibal, his blue eyes sharp as glass, “How is that any different than what you did to me? I was sick and you let me think I was going insane. I needed you, Hannibal. But you decided it would be fun to see exactly how much I could take before I died.”

“I would have never let it go that far. I wanted you alive.”

“So you could frame me for murder, right?” Will practically hissed.

Hannibal had the decency to look ashamed for what he did, but Will didn’t know if it was sincere. However, a nagging voice in the back of his mind said the deep ache that suddenly bloomed in his chest was proof enough of his sincerity. Will let out a heavy sigh as he closed his eyes and rubbed his temples. He knew this was a good thing, that this was closure. He and Hannibal could never continue forward if they harbored hatred from their past.

The soft pressure of Hannibal’s hand on his shoulder caused Will to come back to the moment, “If it’s any consolation, I never intended for you to be sentenced for my crimes.”

“I don’t need consolation. What has happened, has happened and you can’t change it. The teacup has broken, but you and I are lucky enough to have a second chance.” Will said as he rested his head on Hannibal’s chest.

Hannibal felt a little odd as he tentatively wrapped his arms around Will’s waist and rested his chin atop Will’s head. Considering all that they have done to each other either in violence, or more recently, sexual gratification; Hannibal didn’t understand how a simple hug could feel so foreign. But he couldn’t wait to spend the rest of his life growing accustomed to Will’s soft embrace.

A loud slam of a door being shut caused the two men to jump, Will accidentally headbutting Hannibal’s chin in the process. As the two men untangled themselves from each other, a familiar voice reached their ears, “Not to rain on your parade, but do you guys have a plan to successfully go into hiding?”

Will quickly found his voice, letting Hugh’s signature British lilt infiltrate his voice, “Kacey, what are you talking about? We have no reason to hide.”

“You can drop the accent Will, I know Hugh isn’t here right now.” Kacey stood leaning against the wall, her arms crossed over her chest, “And here’s a pro-tip, if you’re going to have a lovers quarrel involving murder and betrayal and all that good stuff, try and keep your door closed.” Kacey gave a pointed look to the now closed door.

Hannibal cleared his throat, “Kacey, how much did you hear?”

“Well,” Kacey said as she meandered to the small sofa to take a seat, “I walked by as Will was talking about the photo of Claire and Cyrus and I’ve been inside the trailer ever since.” She started to flip through one of the many magazines piled on Will’s coffee table.

“And why didn’t you make yourself known?” Will said, deciding to drop the lilt completely.

“First of all, if you don’t notice another human being in a small space like this trailer, the problem isn’t me making myself known, you just need to pay closer attention to your surroundings. Secondly, you two needed to work through your problems. So much pent up anger is never good for a relationship. And seeing as you two actually hugged without it ending in someone being gutted and someone running off to Europe, I say we’re making progress.” Kacey said as she thumbed through her magazine nonchalantly.

“So you heard Will say I killed Austin.” Hannibal asked as he moved Will’s half packed suitcase out of the way to take a seat on the small bed

“Yep. And I am assuming the reason his tongue couldn’t be found is because you ate it.”

Both men remained silent.

Kacey looked over at them with a smirk, “I don’t care if you did. Just be honest.”

“We did, however I was unaware at the time that it was a human tongue.” Will said as he carefully made his way to the bed to take a seat next to Hannibal.

“Yeah, Hannibal likes to do that. However, judging from all the noise you two were making in Hannibal’s trailer, I’m guessing Austin’s tongue wasn’t the only other tongue in your mouth that night.” Kacey said as she grabbed another magazine to look at.

Will blushed a deep scarlet as a low chuckle emitted from Hannibal, “I must confess Kacey, you are taking this rather well. Tell me, have you notified the police?”

“What? No way! I’m not a snitch.” Kacey said as she flipped through now her third magazine, “Besides, I came to see if you guys had everything you needed in order to *run* from the police. You know, the plan you had laid out before trying to murder everyone and high-tail it to Europe with your psychiatrist.”

Both Hannibal and Will exchanged confused looks before Will cleared his throat and said, “We don’t really have a plan. The bodies who are hosting us are rather famous. It’s hard to sneak under the radar when you are a celebrity.”

“I understand, but you need a plan and you need it now. Because Hannibal has killed two other people today while filming and unfortunately for him, the blind spots in the costume department aren’t so blind anymore. After Austin’s death, Bryan invested in security cameras for the department. So the bodies of the make-up artists you killed? The camera has you on it and once Bryan reviews the tapes, you’re fucked Hannibal.”

“Language, young lady.” Hannibal said as he straightened the cuffs of his shirt.

Will made a choking sound before standing up and giving Hannibal a hard shove, “You’re caught on camera murdering and hiding two other people and you’re worried about her potty mouth? What about our second chance, Hannibal? The teacup is really close to the edge, and you are testing fate.”

Hannibal stood to meet Will face to face, “I promise you, nothing is going to take you away from me this time. I’m not testing fate, I’m proving that we don’t have to bend to its demands. Besides, times of stress doesn’t mean she can behave like a heathen, Will.”

“Uh, you murdered a twenty-six year old guy, cut out his tongue, fed it to your love interest, and then proceeded to have a make out session in the kitchenette. Don’t throw stones in a glass house.” Kacey advised as she put her magazine down to finally face the two men.

“Kacey, what time does Bryan review the security footage?” Will said, trying his best to even out his heart rate.

“Twelve thirty in the morning, that way he gets the entire day worth of footage.”

“What time is it now?” Will asked

“Twelve fifteen.”

Hannibal sighed, “Well, as inconvenient as it may be, we have worked in shorter spans of time.”

Kacey let out a light laugh, “Yeah well, if you want to get gone, follow me.” As the trio made it to the door of the trailer Kacey turned around with a worried expression.

“We don’t have much time here, Kacey. What’s wrong?” Will asked.

“Oh, it’s nothing. But if tonight is gonna be the last night I see you, I want you to know that Kacey hasn’t been here for awhile.”

It didn’t take long for everything to click into place, and when it did, both Hannibal and Will felt as if the floor had been ripped out from under them.

“Abigail?” Hannibal whispered.

“Surprise!” She responded with a sad smile.

Of Blood and Boats

Chapter Summary

While Abigail is determined to help her fathers into hiding, Bryan makes a stunningly horrible discovery.

Chapter Notes

Hey guys, I was able to get this chapter uploaded on time! I'm super happy about that :D

The closer we get to the end the more I know I am starting to sound like a broken record, but thank you so so SO much to everyone who has stuck with this story and left comments/kudos. Your feedback has been greatly appreciated. And as always, thanks to the amazing Tacklepunk for reviewing my work <3

“After Bryan got security cameras for the costume and production departments, the curator of the lot gave him the code to the lot’s camera too. Bryan lets me use his computer all the time, so the last time I used it -this morning- I rigged the camera to keep a still shot of the lot empty from twelve ten this morning to one. That will give me enough time to drop you two off at the dock and get back before the security camera sees me coming back in real time.” Abigail said as she quickly ushered Will and Hannibal into the back of the SUV she had borrowed from the production team to get around Florence.

“How long have you been planning this?” Will asked as Abigail clambered into the driver's seat, started the engine and pulled out of the lot.

“Oh, about a year and a half now. Once I got here, I figured you two wouldn’t be far behind and I started planning immediately. After Hannibal slit my throat I was waiting to die, and I did for a moment. But one day I woke up and I was here. I don’t know how and I don’t know why, but I guess the multiverse theory is true and I found another version of me somewhere else that was capable of sustaining not only me but also herself. That, or I am just really stubborn and refuse to die completely. I guess I get that from my fathers,” Abigail’s quick glance and soft smile at Hannibal and Will was illuminated momentarily by the passing street lights.

“I’d say that stubbornness has done you well,” Hannibal said as he shifted to see Abigail better from his seat in the back, “So my dear, where are we going?”

"You are going on board a cargo ship, I know it isn't the most luxurious way to travel but it will have to work to get you out of the country. The ship will take you to Argentina where you will be greeted by an associate of mine that will escort you to a safe house. It is deep in the Argentinian countryside, no other houses around for miles. You will have all the necessities; food, water, clothing, a car. And I have a hundred grand in cash waiting to be exchanged for Argentine Pesos. I set it up to where you won't have to leave the safe house, but if you do you will be in a rural part of a rural country and will have an easier time not being recognized. You'll also find new identification in the bedside table." Abigail quickly glanced into the rearview mirror with a smirk, "I hope I wasn't too presumptuous in getting a safe house with only one bedroom."

Will's blush and Hannibal's soft laugh were enough of a sign that she had chosen correctly.

"What about you," Will spoke up, "Aren't you coming with us?"

Abigail's smirk fell away and she let out a sigh, "I would love too, but I can't. If people think I wasn't involved, then that frees me to keep you two hidden. Hannibal, you once apologized for not keeping me safe in our other lives, consider this my way of accepting your apology."

"I wanted to keep you safe by keeping you with us, Abigail. We are a family." Hannibal said.

"Maybe in our other lives you were supposed to keep me safe. But the teacup shattered and plans changed. It's the same now. The plan has changed again and in this life it's me who has to keep you two safe. Besides, didn't you once say that you would feel a lot safer if I was out in the world looking out for your best interest?" Abigail asked as she pulled up to the dock that had a large cargo ship being loaded down with items to be exported to other countries.

The three got out of the car and walked up to the front of the ship's gangway. Abigail spared a glance at her watch and noted that is said twelve twenty-five, "I've got five minutes to get back to the lot before Bryan starts to review the tapes. Once he starts, I should have about ten minutes more before he sees Hannibal. Let's make this farewell a quick one."

Will was the first to hug Abigail, "Promise you'll keep in touch?"

"Every day. You and Hannibal both have jailbroken cell phones ready for you to use with my number in them." Abigail said as she pulled back and gave Will a sad smile, "I love you, Will."

"I love you too." Will said as he gave her one last hug as his eyes burned with unshed tears, angry that just as he got her back she was being taken away from him again. At least this time he knew there was a chance he would see her alive again.

As Abigail and Will reluctantly pulled away from each other, Abigail turned to Hannibal and quickly wrapped her arms around his neck in a tight hug, "Take care of him for me, okay?"

"Of course," Hannibal said with a tight hug of his own in return before pulling back and smiling down at Abigail with pride, "We always take care of family, right?"

"Right," Abigail replied with a nod and a smile.

The captain's voice echoed from the intercom demanding last minute cargo to be put aboard the ship and that was Abigail's cue to leave Will and Hannibal to climb aboard. Once she was back in the SUV she watched as Will and Hannibal disappeared into the ship, only after she lost sight of them did she crank up the engine and head back to the lot.

Bryan sighed as he opened the door to his hotel room and walked in. He wanted to do nothing more than fall face first into bed and pretend like today never happened. After he sent Laurence, Kacey and Hugh to the Uffizi gallery he prepared himself for the call from NBC headquarters, the call that undoubtedly would inform him that Hannibal would not be renewed for a fourth season.

He was right.

Even though he knew that NBC was likely to pass for a fourth season, that still didn't stop the momentary heartbreak he felt at knowing this was it. All the work of the past three years, all the plans he had for the future of his vision of Hannibal seemed to vanish in front of him in less than a second. But Bryan was determined to finish strongly, because that was what the fans deserved. Bryan knew the fan base wasn't very large; a good portion of fans of the Hannibal franchise not being interested in a retelling of a classic story. But no matter how small the fan base he did have was, he knew their passion was the only thing that got him three seasons in the first place.

While NBC's cancellation still left a dull throb in his heart, Bryan also had the murder of a crew member to deal with. Bryan payed the cost to have Austin's body flown back to America and for the funeral, but he still felt uneasy. Even though Bryan never spent much time with the costume designers, they were still part of the team and their well-being was the most important thing to him. The idea that a crew member had died under his watch left him feeling as if he were the one who committed the murder.

All these thoughts rattled around his head as he took a seat on the couch and pulled out his laptop to inspect the footage of the security cameras he had bought for the costume and production departments. He opened up the application and typed in the password that came with the system and let the footage of the daily activity start. Bryan settled in to watch the footage, everyone on the camera moving inhumanly fast thanks to the accelerated time Bryan had set for the footage to run. However, a knock at the door made him pause and get up to answer it.

As he opened the door, he was surprised to see Gillian and Laurence, "Hey guys! What are you doing here?"

"Don told Mads and I that Hugh's costume designer was found dead in an alleyway," Gillian answered as Bryan stepped to the side and allowed her and Laurence to enter the room, "One of the alleyways we used for filming."

“We wanted to check in on you and see if you were alright,” Laurence added.

Bryan ran one of his hands through his hair and sighed, “Not really. I payed for Austin’s funeral and for the plane ride to get his body home, but I feel horrible that I can’t do more for the family.”

“You’ve done what you could, Bryan. The rest is in the hands of the police.” Gillian said, resting a soft hand on Bryan’s shoulder.

“The police said there was no other DNA at the crime scene, or Austin’s office in the costume department where he was abducted. All the DNA they have found belongs to Austin. There are no leads to any other person that may have been involved.”

They were all silent for a moment, Gillian and Laurence at a loss for how to console their friend and Bryan lost in his thoughts.

Laurence was the first to speak, “Hey, is that us?” Bryan followed Laurence’s gaze to his laptop that displayed the paused screen of the security footage, “Oh yeah, after everything that happened with Austin, I bought security cameras for the costume and production departments. I personally review the footage every night at twelve thirty.” Bryan spared a glance to his watch and saw that it was twelve thirty-seven, “I just started watching when you guys showed up.” Bryan moved back to the couch, offering Laurence and Gillian a seat before he pressed play and started the footage.

“What about the dressing rooms? Do they have cameras now too?” Gillian asked as she pointed to herself and Laurence being ushered into their dressing rooms on the screen.

“I considered getting cameras for the dressing rooms, but I didn’t feel right about invading everyone’s privacy like that. Besides, the cameras in the hallway see every angle leading up to your dressing room doors. If anyone suspicious were to go in or out, I would see them.” Bryan replied.

As the footage from the hallway came to an end, Bryan started the footage from the cameras in the costume department, “This is the busiest part of our set, even after filming. I don’t understand how no one noticed Austin being taken from his office,”

“I know the front of the costume department didn’t have a security camera,” Laurence said, “But the back of the costume department leads out into the lot where our trailers are. Wasn’t there a security camera already there that the police could look at?”

Bryan placed his laptop on the small coffee table in front of the couch before moving to the mini fridge and pulling out a bottle of water, “The security camera on the lot only sees as far as Hugh and Gillian’s trailers as well as the entrance and exit of the lot. You, Kacey, Mads, and the back of the costume department are blind spots. Besides, there were costume designers and production members that were standing around behind the costume department and talking about what else needed to be done with filming at two in the morning, the same time he went missing. If he was taken out the back, someone would have seen him.”

“So he went missing at two and was dead by three? Did the police question everyone who was out and about during that hour?” Gillian asked, never taking her eyes off of the security footage.

“They did, and everyone checks out. All the production staff that was still on the clock were in the editing room, and the costume designers were organizing the wardrobes needed for the next day of filming.”

“What about the production members that were off?” Laurence inquired.

“All of ten of them checked into their hotel at two fifteen.” Bryan replied.

As Laurence and Bryan continued to discuss what might have happen to Austin, Gillian saw a very familiar person appear on the screen, and she was shocked to see him in one of Hannibal’s full body plastic suits and covered in blood, “Bryan, how do you rewind this?”

Bryan took his seat back on the couch before he rewound and slowed the footage to normal speed. “Hey, it’s Mads!”

Bryan, Gillian and Laurence watched in silent disbelief as Mads, now not covered in blood, walked into the hair and makeup studio armed with what looked to be a knife. Two minutes passed in real time before Bryan sped up the footage until Mads walked out of the studio covered in blood.

“That’s stage blood. It has to be,” Laurence said.

Bryan couldn’t move. He was shocked into stillness as his world seemed to turn upside down, not even the sharp ring of his cell phone was enough to get him to move.

Gillian saw the number was Don’s and she took it upon herself to answer the phone. Before she could say anything, Don’s frantic voice filtered through the phone, “There are two more bodies, they were found by the janitors in the hair and makeup studio!”

Bryan suddenly found movement and took the phone from Gillian and told Don, “It was Mads.”

“What? What do you mean?”

“Mads killed them, Austin too. Call the police.” With that, Bryan hung up his phone and headed to the door, flinging it open and running out to make his way to the lot with Laurence and Gillian right behind him.

Sentimental Epilogue

Chapter Summary

Four years after the escape and our Murder Husbands are doing fine.

Chapter Notes

Holy smokes! I can't believe it is finally done. I'm not really gonna know what to do with myself on Sunday evenings now. I want to say, for the final time, thank you to Tacklepunk for the amazing prompt and for giving me the chance to write this story for you :)

Also big, big, BIG thank you to EVERYONE who has commented, left kudos and bookmarked this story. The feedback has been amazing <3

Special shout outs to AO3 users: mokun11, LatinaFangirl, iz_fukin_gay, and Sunwarmed_Ash_tree_and_the_dreaming_Stag. Your comments always made my week :)

Four years later...

As Hannibal pulled out the beef tongue he had been saving for tonight from the freezer, the muffled excited barking of Encephalitis and Primavera let him know that Will was back from his evening run with the dogs. Hannibal couldn't help the warm smile that spread across his face at the sight of the two female border collies dragging a red faced Will by their leashes into the front hallway of their home.

"Did they enjoy their run?" Hannibal called from the kitchen.

"Just like every evening," Will said with a breathless chuckle as he removed the leashes and let Encephalitis and Primavera scurry into the adjacent living room to rest in front of the fireplace. After Will hung the leashes on a small hook by the front door he entered the kitchen and headed for the sink, rolling up the sleeves of his black sweater as he turned on the water to wash his hands.

"I must confess that I thought you would be out a bit longer. I had hope to have dinner started before you came in." Hannibal said as he unwrapped the beef tongue and set it aside to let it thaw as he selected peppers, tomatoes and onions from the pantry.

“I thought I would be out longer too, but it started to get dark.” Will replied as he dried his hands on the towel Hannibal kept next to the drying rack.

“Winter brings along shorter days.” Hannibal said as he stepped back into the kitchen.

“Even after four years I’m not used to Winter in June.” Will said with a smile as he leaned back against the sink and watched Hannibal set all the ingredients he needed for dinner on the cutting board.

If Will were being honest, as he tried so hard to do these days, there was a lot he still wasn’t used to after four years. The house, the dogs, the domesticity between him and Hannibal; it all just seemed too easy after the horribly rocky road it took them to get here. Will knew it had more to do with Abigail’s resourcefulness than anything else, without their wonderfully brilliant daughter there would have been no way he and Hannibal could slip under the radar and make their way to Argentina. Especially when the rest of the world didn’t see Hannibal and Will, they saw Mads and Hugh. At the thought of their hosts, Will couldn’t help but reminisce about their time on the cargo ship that brought them here.

Shortly after boarding the ship, Mads and Hugh were able to gain control of their minds. The realization of what they had done hit Hugh like a ton of bricks. Their time had been filled with Hugh in hysterics, equal parts disgusted with what Mads had done and worried that his beloved would spend the rest of his life in a prison cell. Mads was no better, shocked into silence by what he had done and then mortified that he felt no remorse for his actions. As many hours passed and the ship sailed them closer and closer to their new home, Mads finally found his voice and Hugh calmed down enough for them to talk.

The first thing each of them did was give a heartfelt speech about their love for the other. After everything they had done, they saw no point in hiding that anymore. The next thing they discussed was method acting, they both admitted that they thought Will and Hannibal’s relationship was their only opportunity to divulge in their real feelings without hurting their families. At the mention of family, Hugh and Mads found themselves brought down by the heavy weight of shame. In their hurry to escape, they had abandoned their children.

“Before we left, you told Kacey that we always take care of family. How do we do that now?” Hugh asked.

“I don’t know.” Was Mads’ heartbroken response.

Their conversation was cut short as the ship finally docked and workers began to unload the merchandise. As Hugh and Mads made their way off the ship, they were immediately greeted by Kacey’s associate. He didn’t give them his name, just passed an envelope to Hugh and escorted them to a station wagon that had obviously seen better days but would do well to look inconspicuous. While in the back of the station wagon, Hugh opened the envelope and pulled out a note. Hugh recognized the handwriting as Kacey’s.

To Will and Hannibal,

I hope you two settle in nicely. I have a housewarming present already waiting for you.

To Mads and Hugh,

I will be visiting in a month. We have much to discuss.

“I guess we have no choice but to trust her.” Mads said as he read the note over Hugh’s shoulder.

“As if there was ever a time where we didn’t.” Hugh said with a sigh as he rested his head on Mads’ shoulder, too emotionally drained to do anything else.

Once they arrived at their home the associate left Mads and Hugh to look around. It was a rather standard suburban house with a fenced in yard tucked away in the Argentinian countryside, the direct location still unknown to Mads and Hugh. Mads used the key the associate gave him to unlock the front door. Mads was the first to venture into the living room, his sudden laughter drawing Hugh in from the kitchen.

“What’s so fun-” Hugh’s sentence was cut as he took in the sight of the two border collie puppies sleeping in a blue dog bed. One wore a collar with the name *Encephalitis* engraved on a tag, while the other wore one with the name *Primavera*. Hugh’s laughter joined in with Mads’ as he picked up another note from Kacey that said *Welcome Home*.

As they made their way through the house, they found various notes from Kacey. One in the kitchen told them not to worry about running out of food, her associate would deliver groceries until the hype surrounding them died down and they could go out in public on their own.

“You will be in a rural part of a rural country and will have an easier time not being recognized.” Kacey’s voice seemed to whisper.

Another note was found on the bedside table in their room asking them to text her when they finally made it home. Hugh rummaged through the bedside drawer and found his and Mads’ new cell phones, the hundred grand ready to be exchanged, and a bottle of lube. The last item left him blushing furiously.

Hugh typed out a quick *We’re here* before he and Mads showered and fell into bed, exhaustion quickly dragging them into sleep.

The next morning Hugh and Mads seemed to be gone, Will and Hannibal comfortably back in control.

The next month fell into an easy routine of cooking, playing the harpsichord that was tucked away in the study, puppy training that was happily managed by Will and many nights of he and Hannibal discussing the multiverse theory. Then one day the station wagon pulled up outside the fence, Abigail exiting the vehicle before it pulled away.

Hugs and kisses were exchanged as Abigail immediately started to tell them everything that had happened since their disappearance. She told them how on the night they had left, Bryan had called the police and had them raid their trailers in the lot, looking for any sign of where they could have gone. She told them how he also completely stopped production of *Hannibal*

and focused solely on helping the search for the two of them, with help from Gillian and Laurence for funding the search, but everyday he got closer to giving up. She told them how she pulled some strings and had all of Mads and Hugh's assets transferred from the bank into cash that was then presented to their respective families.

"The net worth of Mads and Hugh will set their families up for the rest of their lives." She had said.

After that, Mads and Hugh seemed a lot happier whenever they would come around.

"Will? Will!" Hannibal said as he placed a hand on Will's shoulder.

Will snapped out of his reverie as Hannibal pulled him back to the present. "Sorry, I got lost in my thoughts. What did you say?"

Hannibal gave him a soft smile, "I said you'll have as long as you want to get used to Winter in June," He then decided to add as an afterthought, "Where did you go?"

Will let out a melodramatic sigh as he pushed off of the sink to stand next to Hannibal at the cutting board, "Oh, nowhere. I was just thinking about us."

Hannibal leaned over to brush a soft kiss across Will's temple, "All good thoughts I hope."

Will nuzzled his head against Hannibal's shoulder, "While plenty of my memories of you are tainted with pain, the past four years have done a wonderful job of creating new happy memories of us that can find place in my memory palace."

"Your memory palace isn't the only one under construction since our escape. Perhaps we can find each other in the conjoined halls and see how vibrant they have become. Until then," Hannibal said as he gently pushed Will away and grabbed a second knife, "Would you like to help me prepare dinner?"

"Of course," Will took the knife and began slicing the tomatoes as Hannibal removed the epidermis of the beef tongue and put it in boiling water, "What are we having?"

"Lengua." Hannibal said with a sly smile.

"So you are sentimental." Will said as he took a sip of his wine.

"When it comes to those I love, yes." Hannibal replied before taking another bite of his meal, surprised to find himself thinking it tasted better now than it did that first night so long ago.

"The fact that this is from an actual cow must take away from the sentiment of the night."

“Not at all. You and I are together, that is sentiment enough.”

“So this is solely for our four year anniversary?” Will asked as he took his last bite, the heat of the peppers ever present on his tongue now just as it was the first time.

Hannibal cocked his head to the side looking amusingly like a confused puppy, “What else would it be for?”

Will looked at Hannibal from under his lashes, “An invitation. I’m getting restless, Hannibal. I know you are too. Besides, there are many rude cows at the marketplace every Saturday.”

Hannibal couldn’t help the smirk that made its way across his lips, “What a cunning boy you are, Will. If you wanted to partake in more carnal activities, you need only ask. I believe we have slumbered long enough, should il mostro and his lamb make themselves known?”

Will’s answering smile was all teeth.

Hannibal smiled back as he collected his plate, utensils and glass and took them to the kitchen, Will following close behind. As they both placed their dishes into the sink, Hannibal was struck with another memory from long ago. He looked down at Will with a mischievous glint in his maroon eyes as Will looked up at him with a questioning stare in his. All of a sudden, Will found himself lifted off of the ground and placed on the marble countertop with Hannibal’s mouth locked on to his.

The kiss was unexpected, but not unwelcome.

It didn’t take long for Will to register what was happening and arch into Hannibal’s touch, wrapping his legs around Hannibal’s hips and screaming as Hannibal bit into the juncture of his neck and shoulder and sucked. Hannibal ran his hands down Will’s chest and played with the hem of his black sweater, smiling into Will’s neck as he felt the smaller man impatiently pluck at the buttons of his waistcoat.

However, his smile was short lived as Encephalitis came running into the kitchen barking at the loud noises her masters were making. As Hannibal turned to reprimand the dog, the feeling of Will’s hand on his jaw made him stop, “No interruptions tonight. Just take me to bed. I need you, Hannibal. Please.”

Without warning, Hannibal lifted Will bridal style and carried him to their room. Once they were inside and the door was shut to muffle the sounds of Encephalitis’ barking, Hannibal laid Will gently onto the bed and crawled over him on all fours. Will resumed unbuttoning Hannibal’s waistcoat and collared shirt as Hannibal pushed the hem of Will’s sweater up to expose the smooth skin of his abdomen. Hannibal pushed himself up on his knees as he shrugged out of his waistcoat and shirt before he leaned back down and kissed his way reverently across Will’s abdomen, as if he was kissing a brand new scar into Will’s skin.

A breathless chuckle made him stop and look up at Will. “I’m tempted to let you cut me again,” Will whispered as he pulled his sweater the rest of the way off, “Truth be told, I miss my smile just as much as you.”

Hannibal kissed his way up Will's now naked torso and stopped just shy of his lips, "And do you really trust me that much, Will?"

Will slid his hand up Hannibal's back before bringing it around to cup his jaw, "I know you won't kill me, Hannibal. No matter what life, no matter what universe, you could never be without me. Just as I could never be without you. We're conjoined and neither of us could survive separation. My host is simply giving you permission to mark me again."

Hannibal kissed Will softly then, letting his tongue slide in and taste Will's mouth, savoring it before parting and brushing a stray curl out of Will's eyes, "There are other means of marking each other than violence. Permit me to show you?"

Will's frantic kiss was answer enough as they quickly divested each other of their clothes, desperately seeking skin to skin contact and both moaning in ecstasy when they pressed together. Hannibal captured Will's hands in one of his and pinned them above his head, leaving Hannibal free to kiss everywhere he wanted. He captured one of Will's nipples between his teeth and bit gently, Will groaning as he arched up into Hannibal's mouth offering himself up to be devoured.

Hannibal accepted.

Hannibal released Will's hands as he made his way down to Will's engorged cock swallowing his boy down to the base. Will couldn't help the strangled scream he let out as his hands fisted into Hannibal's hair and tugged, the answering moan Hannibal gave sending sparks of pleasure from his prick and throughout his body.

Even though he and Hannibal had participated in sexual intercourse before, tonight felt different. It felt as if something had changed, the air crackling with an energy he couldn't name. Will knew that he would come too soon if he allowed Hannibal to continue the pleasurable assault. He let himself enjoy the feel of Hannibal's throat constricting around his dick before he pulled Hannibal off and brought him up to kiss him, licking into Hannibal's mouth to share in the taste of his own precome on Hannibal's tongue. "I want you in me now, Hannibal. Mark me."

Hannibal never parted from the kiss he pressed into Will's mouth as he blindly rummaged through the bedside drawer in search of the lube. Once it was found, Hannibal quickly coated his fingers and prepared Will starting with two fingers and quickly adding a third. Will's broken moans and gasps made Hannibal dizzy with want and he nearly came as one of Will's hands, now slick with lube, wrapped around his hard cock and slicked him up. "Now, Hannibal. Please!"

In one long slow thrust, Hannibal buried himself to the hilt inside Will. Hannibal closed his eyes and threw his head back, growling at the tight heat surrounding him before he began thrusting into Will like this was their last time, as if this was the last time he would have Will under him moaning in pleasure as Hannibal hit the spot deep inside him that let Will see white.

They found their rhythm, Hannibal thrusting forward as Will thrusts back and bringing Hannibal deeper into him. Hannibal wrapped a slicked hand around Will's prick, loving how

hot it felt as he jacked Will off in time with his thrusts. Will got louder, his moans turning into full fledged screams of Hannibal's name. Hannibal brought his head down to Will's ear, biting gently on the lobe before whispering, "Come for me love, paint me with your essence and claim what's yours."

Will cried out, but he forced himself to stave off his orgasm and planted his hands firmly on Hannibal's chest and pushed. As Hannibal fell onto his back Will straddled his hips and slipped Hannibal back inside of him. With a roll of his hips he began to ride Hannibal, the thick head hit Will's prostate just right and forcing a scream out of him each time he thrust down.

Hannibal could only watch mesmerized as the beauty above him took what he wanted, giving Hannibal pleasure in return. Will bit down on his bottom lip hard enough to draw blood and as the droplet welled and spilled over, Hannibal's only thought before he spilled into Will was *This is love*.

At the feeling of Hannibal's cum painting his most intimate place, Will came as well, the pearlescent liquid landing in thick stripes across Hannibal's abdomen. Will fell onto Hannibal's chest in an exhausted heap, enjoying the feel of Hannibal's strong arms wrapping around him. After they both caught their breath Will felt Hannibal's chest rumble underneath his cheek as he said, "We have both marked each other Will, I am yours and you are mine."

Will looked up at Hannibal as if he had found God, "Happy anniversary, Hannibal. I love you."

"I love you too, Will." Hannibal said as he situated both of them underneath the covers and waited for sleep to take him.

Down a long dark corridor in Hannibal and Will's memory palace, Mads and Hugh laid together in their own bed. Each whispering I love you to the other before succumbing to sleep.

End Notes

This will be updated every Sunday. All criticism is greatly appreciated and thank you for reading! :)

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